Fal. You rogue, here's Lime in this Sack too, there is nothing but rogery to be found in villanous man; yet a coward is worſe then a cup of ſack with lime in it. A villanous coward, go thy waies old *Iacke*, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am I a ſhotten herring: there liues not 3. good men vnhangd in *England*, and one of them is fat, and growes old; God helpe the while, a bad world I ſay: I would I were a weauer, I could ſing Pſalmes, or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I ſay ſtill.

Prince. How now Wolſacke, what mutter you?

Fal. A Kings Son? if I doe not beat thee out of thy Kingdome with a dagger of Lath, and driue all thy Subiects afore thee like a flocke of Wild-geeſe, Ile neuer weare haire on my face more, you Prince of *Wales*.

Prin. Why you horſon round man, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? anſwere me to that, and *poines* there.

Prin. Zounds ye fat paunch, and ye call me coward, by the Lord Ile ſtab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward? Ile ſee thee damnde ere I call thee coward, but I would giue a thouſand pound I could runne as faſt as thou canſt. You are ſtraight enough in the ſhoulders, you care not who ſees your backe: call you that backing of your friends? a plague vpon ſuch backing: giue me them that will face me, giue me a cup of ſack, I am a rogue if I drunk to day

Pri. O villaine, thy lips are ſcarce wip'd ſince thou drunkſt laſt. *Fal.* All's one for that. *He drinks.* A plague of all cowars ſtill ſay I.

Prin. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? here bee foure of vs, haue taine a thouſand pound this morning.

Prin. Where is it *Iacke*, where is it?

Falſ. Where is it? taken from vs it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

Prin. What, a hundred man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I weare not a halfe ſword, with a dozē of them two houres together. I haue ſcaped by miracle. I am eight times thruſt through the Doublet, foure through the Hoſe,

Hoſe, my buckler cut through and through, my ſword hackt like a hand-ſaw, *ecce ſignum*. I never dealt better ſince I was man, all would not do. A plague of all cowards, let them ſpeake, if they ſpeake more or leſſe then truth, they are villaines and the ſonnes of darkneſſe.

Gad. Speake ſirs, how was it?

Roſs. Wee foure ſet vpon ſome dozen.

Falſt. Sixteene at leaſt, my Lord.

Roſs. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue they were bound, euery man of them, or I am a Iew elſe, an Ebrew Iew.

Roſs. As we were ſharing, ſome ſixe or ſeuen freſh

Fal. And vnbound the reſt, and then come in the other.

Prin. What fought ye with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call all, but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of Radiſh: if there were not two or three and fifty vpon poore old Iacke, then am I no two legg'd creature.

Poin. Pray God you haue not murthered ſome of them.

Fal. Nay that's paſt praying for, I haue peppered two of them, Two I am ſure I haue paid, two rogues in buckram ſuits: I tell thee what *Hal*, if I tell thee a lye, ſpit in my face, call me Horſe: thou knoweſt my old ward, here I lay, and thus bore my point: foure rogues in buckram let drive at me.

Prin. What, foure? thou ſaidſt but two even now.

Fal. Foure *Hal*, I told thee foure.

Poin. I, I; he ſaid foure.

Fal. Theſe foure came all a front, and mainely at me. I made no more adoe, but tooke all their ſeuen points in my Target, thus.

Prin. Seuen? why there were but foure even now.

Fal. In Buccorom.

Poin. I, foure, in Buccorum.

Fal. Seuen, by theſe Hilts, or I am a villaine else.

Prin. Prethee let him alone, we ſhall haue more anon.

Falſ. Doeſt thou hear me, *Hal*?

Prin. I and marke thee too, *Iacke*.

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